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VOICE OF ANGELS.

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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

DESPAIR.*

THROUGH TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

UAX words portray the heart's despair—
The burning anguish resting there,
The dark, the dismal aching gloom,
Where hope can never more have room!

How sightlessly she passes o'er
The subjects dearly loved before;
And all her past remembered sweets
The more her agony completes!

The brightest rays of Nature's sun
Are now most sleekly, faint and wan;
And black is every vital breath
With feelings known to nought but death!

'Tis horror's drear and irksome cell,
'Tis misery unpenitible,
Where constant torments seem to roll
Eternal night upon the soul!

*The writer once suffered what is here portrayed, by the mistaken idea that she had flung away the day of God's grace; and oh, how many who read this can say, "I have suffered the same when under the bonds of old-time theology!"

ELLINGTON, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1878.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

PLAIN TALKS ON HEALTH.

BY THE MEDICAL CONTROL OF M. T. SHELHAMER.
PART SECOND.

HE who would always be healthy, must exercise his best judgment in partaking of food; not only the quality but the quantity is to be considered. In this age, and upon this continent, there is not half the danger of death by under-

eating, as there is of disease and death from over-feeding. Moderation in eating should be exercised always and under any circumstances. The stomach of every individual is capable of containing only a certain quantity, and when that receptacle is overloaded, the digestive organs become impaired, and weakness, flatulency, and perhaps something worse, in the shape of dyspepsia, ensues. They who know when they have taken enough for the requirements of the body, and who act upon that knowledge, have attained real, genuine wisdom.

In connection with what I have hitherto stated, allow me to observe that I have noticed in my career that the slowest eater is by far, as a general rule, the smallest feeder; while he who bolts his dinner as though he was running a race with time, invariably consumes the largest quantity of food, which enters the stomach in a hard, indigestible mass.

The process of digestion requires vital force, and that period of the day when the system is supplied with the largest amount of vital force is of a necessity the best time for consuming the heartiest food.

Darkness, repose and quiet repair the physical forces of the system, that have become reduced by the toil and care of the previous day, and bring a fresh supply of vitality to the body. Therefore, early in the morning, after the brain and muscles have been provided for, there is plenty of vital force to spare, and it is then we would advise a good hearty meal. In the middle of the day also, while the forces of physical nature are still strong enough to perform their work, there is enough vitality remaining to perform the labor incident to the body, and digest a good meal. But at night, the toil and bustle of the day has run the vital stock to its lowest ebb, and there is nothing left for the digestive powers to act with; therefore, it will be seen that nothing hearty should be eaten at night; only the lightest food should be partaken of.

Ten gallons of vital force in the morning becomes reduced to five gallons at noon, three gallons having been used in performing the forenoon's work, and two having been used for digestion. The same process goes on after dinner, and the same amount of vitality is con-

sumed; by night you are left without any, and your system requires eight hours' sleep and rest, before the ten-gallon vessel can be refilled.

In this country it is almost the universal habit to eat the heartiest meal after the labors of the day are ended, and the physical force of the system is reduced to the lowest point, thereby loading the stomach for the night with a burden well nigh too great to be borne, and which produces uneasy slumber, if not sleeplessness, and a sense of discomfort, weariness and lassitude in the morning. Until this order of things is reversed, we shall continue to have a race of nervous, bilious, or dyspeptic people; and what is worse, we shall continue to propagate and rear a race of offspring with these evils perpetuated throughout their systems.

We would also recommend each one to partake of some food shortly after rising in the morning. We believe the practice of working several hours before eating, after a night's sleep, to be highly injurious to most persons. There are exceptions to every rule; and because some few have been able to perform a large amount of morning work, before eating, is no reason why all should be able to do the same. The French custom of eating a roll of bread with a cup of chocolate, early in the morn. is an excellent one; and (as we said before) although we do not approve of tea, coffee, or the like, yet we know you will continue to use these beverages, and therefore we would advise you to take them when they will do the least harm.

It is always wise to learn what is beneficial to the system, and what contains the highest amount of nutriment. Now, it is well known that oatmeal, corn and cracked wheat contain abundant nutriment for brain, muscle and bone, and from this, it would be well to partake of one or all of these grains daily.

Fruits, grains and vegetables provide for our bones, nerves and blood; sugars, starch—found in the potato, etc.—and fats, provide heat and fat for the system; meat, milk, eggs, and the gluten of grains, contain nitrogen, which is good for our muscles.

We do not believe in thin, watery food for

healthy people. Soups, wheys and the like tend to relax the solids and weaken the digestion. We do believe in a diet composed principally of grains, vegetables and fruits; but we are not of those who entirely condemn animal food. We believe the time is coming when the slaughter of animals for food will be unknown, when man will subsist entirely upon fruits, grains, vegetables, butter, milk and eggs, when he will learn to look to the natural products of earth for food; but, from observation and experience we affirm that there are certain organisms, so constituted from inheritance, or from habit, who require a small amount of meat for the support of their systems. The best and only kinds of meat that we should recommend are beef and mutton. Veal is indigestible, and is either expelled from the stomach as a poison, soon after it has been eaten, or is retained an unreasonable length of time. Pork in all its forms, whether in the roasting-piece, steeped in aromatics in skins, dressed as slices of pink and delicate ham—from the coarse snout to the pickled feet—we look upon as an abomination; whoever eats it is sure to pay heavily for it in some way. It produces scrofula and humors of all kinds. Indigestion and liver complaint are promoted by it; muddled brains and poor blood result from its use; and what is worse than all, pork-eaters produce offspring, sure to be tainted with some of the above-mentioned evils, if not possessing coarse features and habits.

Hogs are the scavengers of the land; lobsters are the scavengers of the sea; both are unfit for the stomach, and frequently ejected undigested.

All kinds of salted, dried and preserved meats and fish contain very little nutriment, not enough to pay for the labor the stomach has to do in digesting them, besides causing you to drink far too much in the effort to quench the thirst which they create.

Speaking of drinks, some stomachs cannot bear cold water. In those cases where it is necessary to drink, we would recommend warm milk, and if too hearty, dilute it—lemon water, or something of the kind.

Few have a knowledge of the many ills caused by indigestion. Colds are frequently produced by this; palpitation of the heart also comes often from this cause; and if good care is taken of the stomach, health in other directions will be sure to follow.

Those troubled with water-brash would do well to suck a little lemon-juice occasionally. Acids are sometimes beneficial, and lemon-juice is among the best.

Sweets—sugars—are sometimes required; but it is best to take these in their natural form, by eating the fruits that contain them.

Apples, baked and raw, are always in order. Pastry is out of order, and to be avoided.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Most men call fretting a minor fault, a foible, and not a vice. There is no vice, except drunkenness, which can so utterly destroy the peace, the happiness of a home.—*Helen Hunt.*

EXPERIENCE is a torch lighted in the ashes of our illusions.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MAUDIE'S FIRST SCRIPTURE LESSON;

AND THE MANNER IN WHICH SHE TOLD IT IS CERTAINLY UNIQUE.

"Who was the first man?" asked her father.

"Adam."

"Who was the first woman?"

"Eve."

"Who was the first boy?"

"Abel."

"And who was the second boy?"

"Cain."

"What did Adam set Abel to doing after he became a man?"

"He gave him charge of the beasts, cows, mules, goats and horses, hens, turkeys and crows, and lots of other things with wings."

"What did he give Cain charge of?"

"Apples, pears, pumpkins, squashes and sweet potatoes, and grapes; I guess all the vegetables."

"What did God require of them at the end of every season?"

"To give him the best of the lot, and cook them on the altar for him."

"Are you sure, Maudie?"

"Yes, sir, I'm sure; 'cause my teacher said so, and she knows. She was there."

"What!—your teacher in Eden!—six thousand years ago, Maudie?"

"Yes, papa; she's dreadful old—greyheaded—and her teeth are made, and put in, too; for when she laughs they rattle like fun."

"No matter; stick to your lesson, Maudie," said papa, with a queer glance at the child.

"What did Abel offer to the Lord?"

"A lamb, a cow, and a rooster. Didn't he?"

"What did the Lord say?"

"Very good, but tough," said Maudie, trying to think. She was getting puzzled over the lesson.

"What did he say at Cain's offering?"

"He was mad at Cain, and boxed his ears."

"Why was he mad, child?"

"I don't know; maybe the stuff was spoiled, or rotten, or something. Any way, God blessed Abel an' cussed Cain; and Cain put a head on Abel, who died, and Cain dug a hole and stuck him into it. There was dreadful times in Eden then. Adam hunted all round for Abel. Eve, she hunted; and when they couldn't find him, they got God to hunt him up, which he did, and he gave Cain an awful licking. God was walking along, and he met Cain, and asked him where Abel was. Cain said, 'I don't know where he is; and if you want him, just find him yourself. I am not Abel's keeper. I keep squash and pumpkins, but no Abel.'"

"What did the Lord say in reply?"

"He said—he said—." She was getting into deep water. "Well, he said, 'You lie, Cain; you killed him. Look yonder, where you've buried him. Don't you see his feet sticking up out of the ground? An' now I'll put a mark on you; I'll mash you black and blue.' And so he turned Cain into a nigger, that everybody might know him for a murderer. Now, papa, do you think God was right? I don't—'cause why. Cain gave God the best he had; so did

Abel. And God accepted one, and ruined the other. I don't like Sabbath Schools, any way; they teach so many 'fish stories.' That is what Nell calls such yarns."

SUE B. FALKS.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

ALPHABETIC AND SPELLING REFORM

BY J. M. A.

[In the following, superfluous letters are omitted.]

All words ot to be speld just as thar pronounct.

The snin leter shud have alwas the sam sound, and the sam sound shud tak alwas the same leter, in whatever word or languag se(e)n or herd, the world over; and ther shud be no "silent" leters—becaus ther ar no silent sounds.

The wast causd by silent leters and unstabl valus, under the present no-system of English speling, in the lerning and using, amounts to hundreds of millions of dolars yerly, and hundreds of milions of yers in ech generation.

The alfabet of any languag shud contain a leter for ech sound in the languag, and *only* won. If also the leters wer so formd as to bar a *natural relashun* to ther sounds, ritn languag wud tak its plac among the exact siences. A natural alfabet, for the filosofical and uniform representashun, by both pen and types, of al possibl languages, wud prove won of the necessary me(a)ns in the natural ordr of progres, for the healing of the nations; in the words of Sir Jon Hershel, it is "won of the grat desiderata at which man ot to a(i)m by comon consent."

Such an alfabet has ben constructed, or rather discovered, and wil be givn fuly to the world in du tim, in a voluminus work alredy prepar'd, explaining in detal the new system, and ilustrating it by practical aplication to fifty or mor of the principal languages and dialects, (ancient and modern.)

Portions of that work ma aper in futur isus of the VOIC.

[Selected by M. J. K.]

EVERY individual who would understand the truths of the Spirit-World, must be his or her own Medium. God must write His law upon their understanding and put it in their affections. If you want to become Mediums for interior communication, you must become absolutely true in every thought, feeling and affection—become absolutely just in all your relations of life, so that morning, noon and night you will be inquiring and thirsting after righteousness.

If Spiritualism, in its faith and effects, does not tend to make you better, wiser and purer—holier men and women—as St. Paul says of the Corinthians, it will "profit you nothing." That Spiritualism which will not redeem you, will not be sufficient to redeem the world.

The vanities, riches and honors of earth sink into utter insignificance when compared with the real happiness enjoyed by our friends who have "passed over the river."

What the world has so much dreaded—the separation of soul and body—is but a delightful

repose and a glorious awakening to everlasting joy, and the fruition of all we are capable of enjoying.—*Second Part of Clock Struck Three.* by Rev. Samuel Watson.

THE HISTORIES OF SPIRITS IN DIFFERENT Spheres.—I tell you these histories to show you that the redemption of man is not instantaneous, the pathway into Spiritual life is not flowery merely, and the moral obliquity of the soul becomes a shadow which stern effort must remove; that of all moral obliquities that of pride, personal ambition, is perhaps the greatest, especially the pride of virtue. The Pharisees, rebuked by the Teacher for their pride of godliness—those who pass by on the other side when the sinful one is near, those who sneer at the offences of others, forgetting their own—these have the harder and more difficult task to perform in Spirit-Life.—*Judge Edmonds, in Banner of Light, Oct. 26, 1878.*

MATTER, in the sense of organic life, is unknown; but matter, in the sense of Spiritual substance, surrounds you, and is subject to your bidding. There is no growth independently of mind in Spirit-Life. Those who have no mind, have no surroundings but shadows, a case without form, this being the greater shadow. Those who have mental power, unaccompanied by Spiritual growth, are surrounded with harsh outlines and severe substances, as their own materialism or creed.—*Judge Edmonds, in Banner.*

It is claimed by Hindoo metaphysicians that there exists in the universe a pure, all-pervading fluid, invisible, fiery, radiant, wholly divine, free from the taint of matter, purer than ether, stronger than the loadstone, mightier than the thunderbolt, swifter than the winged lightning. It is heat, light, motion, force; the Soul-principle of being—not Soul, but its power of life, being and motion. It connects gods and men, heaven and earth. It is the strength, i. e., cohesive element in minerals; the growing power of plants; the life of men and animals—it is AKASA, or, in other words, the Astral Fluid, so frequently described in former sections, which in nature is Astral light, in animated bodies the Astral spirit—in substance, Astral fluid. The theory upon which asceticism is so largely practiced is, that the more the soul isolates itself from sensuous habits and earthly surroundings, the greater becomes its power of freeing Akasa, and of attracting to itself this divine fluid from all things in nature. Thus the action of the soul using Akasa for its instrument, becomes freed from the entanglements of matter; whilst the quantity, power and quality of this mighty essence is increased until the saint becomes all Akasa. He may, for a short period on earth, carry about with him a poor emaciated body; but he only uses this as a vehicle to enable the soul to come in contact with matter—it is the last end of the staff by which the divine hand of Spirit touches the earth.

In this philosophy, be it remembered, Akasa, which is the Rosicrucian's *Astral fluid*, the Hobbrew's *Life*, the magnetizer's *Magnetism*, plays the part of the creative principle. It is pure force, cohesion, which divided by the knife can

be replaced, causing the particles, fibres, and all the severed tissues to cohere again, exactly as before they were severed.

It is the cause of growth in plants; hence if a heavy charge is poured out on a seed or germ, it can cause that growth in a few seconds, which a less quantity would cause in the slower processes called growth. A vast accumulation of Akasa can cause, when projected by will, the heaviest bodies, even rocks, to move, transport them through the air, dissolve solids into fluids, fluids into airs, and re-combine them again, for it is FORCE. It can subdue the fiercest beasts by stupifying their senses: fascinate the serpent, charm the boa, and palsy the cobra di capello. It can be diffused like a gauzy veil all through the atmosphere, and upon it the will of a powerful magician can paint any images he pleases, and thus a whole assembly can see the objects created by that will at one and the same time. The magician can envelope himself in Akasa, and thus become invisible or visible at pleasure. He can ride upon it, sail in it, stand upon it; use it as the chemist uses airs, fluids, solids; but these stupendous powers are only given to those who have utterly worn away all bodily impediments by the severest fasts and penances, who are freed from all entanglements of sense or sensuous attractions; whose souls can arise to ethereal spheres, and communing with Spirits, borrow their Akasa, (Spiritual bodies,) to aid in these operations, strengthen their own powers by those of potent Spirits, and thus become at once a man and a Spirit.

A soul having at command an earthly vehicle in which to approach matter, is yet, by the subjugation of matter and the exaltation of soul, at once a man, a Spirit—a God.

The reader will now understand the philosophy of the tremendous discipline enjoined and practised by Hindoo wonder-workers; and yet, if they were not *genuine* wonder-workers, and the author of these pages had not for years proved them to be such, and partaken alike of their discipline and their powers, these enormous claims had never been made for them, and this exposition of their philosophy had never been written.—*Art Magic, p. 187.*

OBITUARY.

(NEW CENTERVILLE, Oswego Co., N. Y.,
(November 15, 1878.

BROTHER DENSMORE.—Events follow each other in such rapid succession. My companion, Julia A. Sanborn, passed to Spirit-Life on the 9th instant, aged 55 years.

Mrs. Sanborn went to New York in October, 1877, to attend medical lectures, hoping to fit herself to do more good to humanity. She studied too hard, and on her return home found many that needed medical aid, which she freely gave. On the 24th of May, her mind showed signs of wandering, which increased to such a degree that we took her to the insane asylum, at Utica, on the 17th of August last, where she remained until the Spirit was released from the body. "Why should we grieve that a Spirit was born into the kingdom?" "Man is not completely born until he is dead." So wrote

Benjamin Franklin, addressing his niece, on the death of her father, in 1756.

Yours, respectfully,
ST. JOHN B. SANBORN.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CINCINNATI, Nov. 17, 1878.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE,—The VOICE OF ANGELS, your welcome little paper, is calling me to contribute once more to its columns; so I will send you the vision of a dear little nephew of mine, who passed to the "real world, beyond the beautiful flower-embordered river." Our little darling was only nine years of age; and as he was passing over he saw a company of angels, and held a conversation with them. The following lines were written by a lady upon hearing the child's vision spoken of by the many friends that stood around the bed of the dying boy:

BEYOND THE DEEP RIVER.

"Oh, who are these beautiful beings I see,
Beyond the bright river before me?
How bright and how sweetly they smile upon me,
Through the glorious light that is o'er me!
How I wish to that beautiful place I could go—
Oh, who can they be, my dear mother?"
"They are fairies, my child." "Oh, mother, No! No!
They are angels of light, and no other."

"How I long to go there, and you go with me;
Oh, could we but cross that deep river!
But look! they are coming!—the boat I now see!—
Let us go, my dear mother, together.
Come on board! we have crossed. What a beautiful land!
How sweet are the flowers—how pure is the light!
But what mean those steps whither we cannot ascend?
Ah, I see; there's an angel, whose wings sparkle bright."

"She brings me my slippers of gold and of green;
I can go, mother; now give me thy hand.
What a vision of beauty now steals o'er the scene!
See those bright pearly gates before us that stand;
Look! they open them, touched by the angel's light wand.
What a melody broods in the blue skies above!
What perfume and beauty pervade this sweet land!
This garden of angels, this Eden of love!"

"Look again! Look again!—See that gentle one now,
That Being bending who is beckoning us on,
With a wreath of the flowers of light on his brow,
And a face like our Saviour's—our Master the Son;
O'er my form he has thrown a robe of pure white,
And sweetly he says I must now go with him,
To dwell where no more shall there be any night,
Away from my earth home, where all grows so dim."

"And that you cannot follow me further, just now;
Once I thought that without you I never could go;
But see! He is clothing my young spirit-brow
With flowers, which always in Spirit-Land blow.
Hark! Again in sweet tones, with a musical voice,
He whispers of beautiful worlds of the bliss,
Where angels reside, and forever rejoice
In the sunlight of Harmony, Purity, Rest;

"Where the Child-Spirit soars, when the earth-form is dead:
And to that happy land I must go with him now,
And forever by ministering angels be led
By the Waters of Life, which perpetually flow.
Ah, see! They are coming in a chariot with flowers
O'erwreathed, and by beautiful Spirits attended;
And hark! hear the music from the heavenly bowers,
Where the angels of light from the earth have ascended."

"And now, my dear parents, I must bid you farewell!
Come, give me three cheers, as I speed on my way
To that Heaven where the innocent Child-Spirit dwells,
Where flowers bloom forever, and know no decay.
Come, father; come, mother;—let our voices now blend,
And while the bright Spirits are beckoning above,
Let our prayers in three cheers to the blue arch ascend,
As my Spirit soars up to the Child-Home of Love."

MRS. ANNIE M. CARVER.

REFER all the actions of this short life to that state which will never end; and this will approve itself to be wisdom at the last, whatever the world judge of it now.—*Tillotson.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 156 NORTH SEVENTH STREET, Philadelphia.

FRIEND DENSMORE.—We cannot deny that as mortals we are interested in the dead, so called, as well as the living. Yea, indeed, for many sorrowing hearts and grief-stricken souls go out in pathetic memories to the departed father, mother, sister, brother, husband, wife and friend, and in a religious sentiment, a deep affection, devote hours to the contemplation of their virtues, and the loving ties of kindred, that endeared them to their hearts when in life here.

These inward emotions find beautiful expression in the tears shed at the obsequies, and often after those solemn scenes; and are they not involuntary tributes of affection and love for those ignorantly deemed as lost ones? How often, at the cemetery of the departed, does the mother linger in sorrowful and melancholic mood at the little mound that designates the resting-place of her darling babe; and so with others who lament and mourn, and weep bitterly like Rachael for her children, and will not be comforted, because "they were not."

We all know what it means. It is the dedication of maternal, paternal, and fraternal emotions of love and affection of hearts bereaved, who, having experienced in deep sorrow "the vacant chair," "the skeleton in the house," in the home of their domestic endearments, go with tender and embittered memories to the chambers of "loved ones," with flowers, emblematic of love and gratitude, and with their tears enshrine "the dust that with dust vain would blend."

Many are the epitaphs and monumental devices which present, in graphic symbols and lettered rhymes, the veneration of the living for the so-called dead, and a debt of love and of gratitude seems thereby to be paid.

The question is asked, in the book revered by many as the book of all books, "If a man die shall he live again?" This question has been answered affirmatively in ages past, but is now reiterated with greater emphasis by hundreds and thousands of messages and communications from those who have passed to "the life beyond."

How many, very many, whose memories are so gratefully cherished and mourned as lost have returned in Spirit and borne the testimony "that they still live!" How much sorrow and weeping and mourning would we escape, and a delightful substitution of pleasure and joy be experienced, if mortals would, as it is their glorious privilege, realize the fact, that our loved ones are not lost, and that we shall meet again!

We could give many instances where the tears have been assuaged, and the wounded and bleeding hearts of the bereaved have been healed by the balm of Spiritual truth, and mothers, fathers, husbands and wives, have been made joyful in the sweet communion of communion with "loved ones gone before." We give two cases which come to our recollection. A widow of wealth in our city, who had lost a most loving and endearing husband, found some ease to her sorrowing heart in placing over his remains

a monument at the cost of many thousands of dollars. But yet she mourned, and a frequent visitor to the sacred spot, gave freedom to tears and sobs expressive of intense grief. Happily, in one of these visits she found a Good Samaritan in a lady who had realized the power and sweet influences of Spiritualism, who tendered her the information that there was a "balm in Gilead," and that she could yet have sweet intercourse with the one she so bitterly mourned as dead. It was but a short time thereafter that the weeping Rachael came rejoicing with exceeding great joy, in that "the lost was found, and the dead was alive." She had opened her soul to the sympathetic soul of her husband, and in rapturous delight heard him, in accents known to her as faithful and true, tell her that he "still lived and loved."

Where shall poor weeping and mourning mortals go, but to the fountains of living truth and life, ever open and free to drink and have joy unspeakable!

Another case, significant indeed. The lady was a Spiritualist in this case, and knew whereof she had heard and seen. An only and beloved son had gone to that other and better world, and instead of mourning as one without hope, she enjoyed communion with him daily, and does to this day. On the occasion of a visit with an aunt to the cemetery, they placed upon his grave a plant or flower, and in the act of doing it, the mother, her natural feelings momentarily predominating, sobbed "Poor E——!" Ah, what an ejaculation that was, to come back to her in the future! for soon thereafter the Spirit of her dear boy, after relating the incidents of the visit to the cemetery, said, "Mother, don't say, *Poor E——* again; for if you could only see me in my happy estate, in my beds of roses, you would not sob out, *Poor E——*."

Can anything be more affectingly in favor of our Spiritual Philosophy and religion, and give more transporting pleasures to life here, and hopefully of that in the beyond, to "the weary and heavy laden?"—to the sick and sore at heart? Nothing! nothing! J. W.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SPIRITUALISM EVER PROGRESSIVE.

In a recent issue of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Chicago, it is stated by a prominent lecturer, writing to that paper from Boston, that Spiritualism throughout New England is in a dormant or quiescent state. Judging from its manifestations in the metropolis, no one can justly lay this charge to Boston, and from general observation, as well as from reports appearing in local papers, to say nothing of the weekly record in the *Banner of Light*, the cause seems to be as fully alive as heretofore. Of course, each must judge for himself; but for one, I do not see any backward or retrograde step to the movement. Spiritualism as fact, phenomena, philosophy or science, and religion, appears to be marching forward, gaining ground, making essential progress, as rapidly as one could reasonably expect.

It has to encounter the prejudice, the educa-

tional bias, the conceit and opposition of the clergy and the press, and all those who are in any way dominated and controlled by these respective means of propagandism.

Notwithstanding these prevailing disadvantages, Spiritualism, to those who have eyes to see, and read the signs of the times, is vitally permeating the literature of the century; is revolutionizing the medical practice of the age; is modifying and reforming the theology of Christendom; is forcing the best representatives of science not only to treat its claims with respectful consideration, but in many distinguished instances, to openly acknowledge its distinctive merits.

It has come to stay. It is doing its work, all things considered, effectually and well, whether this or that particular party finds constant employment or not.

It utilizes all means, and is no respecter of persons or positions. No one can claim any monopoly. No man or society is permitted to direct or rule it. Aspirants for leadership will inevitably be brought low. Originating in the Spiritual Spheres, its methods of procedure are measurably independent of man's will. In its mission to impart, unfold, develop Spiritual truth, it despises no instrumentality, human or otherwise, however humble or conspicuous. It comes alike to high and low, finding, as did one of its martyrs in a previous age, better welcome among the humble, sincere, conscientious truth-seekers, than among popular priests and savants—the pretentious ones of earth.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

ST. ALBANS, ME., Dec. 1, 1878.

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE,—In your issue of Dec. 1st, appears a communication through "West Ingle," purporting to come from my aunt Sybil Jones.

I recognize the message as unmingled and genuine, and cheerfully give my testimony to her character for reliable, honest and truthful mediumship. A true automatic mouth-piece of the angels is she, evidently to my mind a superior Medium, more from the fact that the message was not calculated to feed any vanity that I might possess, than if it had been otherwise. I advise all wishing genuine messages to patronize "West Ingle."

Allow me a few remarks. S. J. belonged to the Society of Friends, travelled much in foreign lands, doing missionary work, i.e., endeavoring to "save souls" according to the most approved Orthodox conception and rule of faith and belief of the sect.

I had always yearned for a tender word of love and recognition through the VOICE OF ANGELS, from those "beyond the veil," and have always believed that kind words, gentle and loving admonitions, were more effectual for good to the sorrowing and sinning ones of earth from those beyond,

than reproof, insinuation or blame of any kind; and I was pained beyond measure at Aunt S.'s cold, questioning reproof, devoid of any respect, or regard for my feelings, or a single word of tenderness, or any attempt to give me a line of recognition from the many of mine "Over There." "Followed the dictates of thy own heart, and where has it left thee?" Yes, verily, I have *not* consented to be led by the dictates of others—*haven't* pinned my faith to others' skirts—dared refuse to bend the knee to the Jewish Jehovah, and flung the dogmas of the Churches—Original Sin, Human Depravity, the Immaculate Conception, Bloody Atonement, Everlasting Hell-fire and an angry and capricious God—an acceptance of which constituted a necessary passport to a heaven, filled with "saints" forever singing praises to, and stuffing the vanity of a tyrannical and revengeful God, seated on a great throne, the great result of the "wonderful plan of salvation"—flung *this*, that appeared so inconsistent with my ideal of the Infinite and Loving One of the Universe, back into the face of those who tried to cram it down my throat, at the risk of being left just where all the fearless and independent thinkers on the border land of advanced thought in all ages have been left.

"At Peace"? I never expect the peace of absolute perfection. Only Deity enjoys that. All below Him will only experience a ceaseless struggle through the Eternal Ages to eradicate the evil and develop the good, never reaching the perfection of the absolute Deity of the incomprehensible Whole. As far as being in the line of my duty, and doing what I can according to the measure of light and ability I possess, I am at peace—always acknowledging my weakness and shortcomings, while praying for light to know my duty, and strength and guidance to accomplish it.

Do you not think, my aunt, that if the fearful curse entailed upon me, and the bitter, heavy burdens I have borne in consequence, had been added upon *your* shoulders, on an icy declivity, you would not sometimes have slipped down into the dark valley, and thereby failed to do all "God required of thee"? Answer me: What does He require of me?—to be an angel, at once, or reach perfection in a twinkling? It can't be. Let me answer: He requires just what is revealed to my own inner consciousness; just what comes to the tribunal of my own judgment and conscience; just what passes through the crucible of my own reason as my duty,

despite the advice of others, if it conflicts; for I have not yet arrived at the clear calcium light of intuition, high and divine, for my guide. Consequently, it is *only* by such a recognition of truth by our own selves, individually, by awakening experience, soul-piercing though it may be, that we can ever progress; and if it leads me into thorny paths, embittered by cruel disappointments, and deprives me of loving companionship and appreciation, all right, Amen! Even so let it be. I freely and fearlessly face it all, and abide the issue.

And now let me presume to tell you, my dear aunt, that according to my understanding "the ways of the world" are just exactly "God's ways" in the highest and sublimest interpretation of the almighty fact that *All is God. God is All* and in All, and you and I are integral parts of this same Father and Mother God. Consequently, the dictates and experiences of our own hearts are the only true school of advancement for us here.

I find that Spirits, like mortals, are also fallible, and not apt to jump at once to perfect knowledge, when they leave the mortal. It is especially difficult for strict Orthodox sectarians to get weaned from their idols. Else she would not have blazoned those words so heedlessly to the gaping world, and necessitated this reply. Save me from my Spirit-Friends, if they have nothing better for my suffering soul than words of reproof and dislike.

Thanking her for the prophecy of better days, I will close, hoping that "West Ingle" will not feel that I entertain any but feelings of the highest respect, regard and appreciation for her sincere and dutiful heart, and her self-sacrificing endeavors to bless humanity through her divine gift of mediumship; and may the choicest blessings of Heaven rest upon her, and may the VOICE OF ANGELS always live in the hearts of mortals!

Ever for all,

WM. MAGOON.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO BROTHER DENSMORE.

BY MRS. A. B. F. BORRITS.

I SEE thee 'ble a rippling rill,
A grove resounds with music shrill;
Its music of sweet songsters' notes
At morning dawn the silence broke;

With music sweet to float the air,
From birds with plumage bright and rare,
While in the grove I see thee walk,
And with the angels hear thee talk.

The angel's voice I plainly hear,
His words to you sound in my ear;
And thus I hear the angel say,
"All worldly ills go to decay;

"Love buds on earth and blossoms vernal,
And vernal love is aye eternal;
The banks of yon rill oft overflow,
And by its side the flowers grow;

"The flower's roots get that they need,
And then the water-floods recede:
Thus when thy eyes overflow with tears,
More beautiful thy soul appears."

CANDIA, N. H., November, 1878.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LOOKING BEYOND.

BY M. THERESA SHELLEWER.

THE world is gladdened by the crystal feet
Of rain-drops patterning o'er the dusty earth,
And silence reigneth in the haunts of man,
Where joy and misery alike have birth;
Our planet, rolling on its beaten track,
N'er falls its onward, ceaseless march to keep,
Though Night enwraps it in its mystic gloom,
And hushes every child of earth to sleep.

Lulled by the darkness and the falling rain,
My earthly senses lose the earthly din,
And turning from the cold, material world,
I find another, sweeter life within—
A pure existence, that my spirit knows
Is peopled by those beings who have died,
And passing through the portals of the tomb,
Have safely landed on the other side.

The gates of heavenly life are open wide,
And free for every soul to enter in,
And we may look beyond Death's surging tide,
That chills our spirits with its roaring din:
For in the secret cloisters of our souls
Our hearts may hold communion with the dead,
And from their teachings learn this sacred truth,
The grave is vanquished, and its powers fled.

We gaze far out upon the fields of time,
Already whiting for the harvest home,
And mark the toilers laying down their sheaves,
In answer to the angels' whispered "Come!"
Our dear ones leave us with their work half done,
We watch them with our sad and tearful eyes,
As conscious of their hidden, untold powers,
They scale the crystal heights of Paradise.

And by the quiet graves their forms have fled,
Or in the silence of our lonely room,
We feel the passions of our being stilled,
And Love dispels the solemn, mystic gloom.
We look beyond the darkness and the grave,
Our souls surmount the toilsome, rugged road,
And by the grand revelations of God's love,
We find our dear ones safe in his abode.

And sometimes, when the cloister of our souls
Is lighted up with calm and peaceful thought,
Those dear ones of our love will enter in,
And bring the sympathy our spirits sought;
And drawing us beyond the bounds of earth,
They gird us with endurance for its strife,
And fill us with a holy, pure desire
To live a better, nobler, grander life.

The world is beautiful, the world is good,
And governed grandly by Divinent Will;
And when its laws are rightly understood,
We all shall recognize a Master's skill.
God's ways are ever infinite and grand,
And some day we shall read each one aright;
Then all his mysteries shall be explained
In Wisdom's radiant and eternal light.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE DIVINE IN HUMANITY.

EVER the beautiful, the good and true
Dwell in each soul, if but a germ,
Needing mortality's lingering term
To bring its loveliness into view.
In noble souls, whose lives are grandly sweet,
And with pure actions, holy thoughts replete,
Divinity blooms richly, like the rose,
Whose depths rare tints of loveliness disclose.
But yet the soul, en-trusted o'er with sin,
Will find Divinity is also born therein,
Which, like the poplars far beneath the ead,
Needs but the breezes and the gentle shower,
The genial sunshine of Love's mighty power,
To draw it upwards towards the hills of God.

If you want to create something, you must
be something.—Goethe.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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" D. K. MINER, Business Manager

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., DEC. 15, 1878.

EDITORIAL.

FRIENDS AND PATRONS,—With this number, as you are aware, ends the third voyage of our little craft, *VOICE OF ANGELS*; and although she has encountered some hard-fought battles with her common enemy—Superstition and Ignorance—on her last cruise, yet, in all her encounters with her wily and cunning antagonist, she has invariably come out of the conflict all the better for the apparently unnecessary encounter, and now re-enters her port of departure—as in former voyages—stronger, fresher, and better looking than when she left it twelve months ago. Notwithstanding she has met and overcome many adverse circumstances on her last voyage, yet with all this against her, she has made her semi-monthly calls upon her patrons with the precision and punctuality of the king of day in his diurnal rounds. Without going into exhaustive details as to what she has accomplished, in lighting up dark places on the voyage just ended, we will merely say in this connection that from the hundreds and thousands of testimonials from those most interested in eliminating the truths of our glorious philosophy, as to the good she has done, and still is doing, coupled with a steady increase of our mail list, we feel justified in saying that our hopes on issuing the first number have been more than realized. For then there was a possibility, if not a probability, of its failing almost before it was born; and although it looked to us then as a success, yet remembering that we were still mortal, and liable to err in judgment, we could not feel positively assured of its growth to boyhood, to say nothing of its culminating in manhood. But now it is different; for taking into account that there has been no extra effort made to get it up to its present standpoint—not even a word of commendation, except in one instance, from the older, and of course more popular Spiritual or secular journals—or even a word in its favor by popular Spiritual lecturers, as have other similar papers, the inevitable conclusion is, that it has arrived at its present healthy condition entirely upon its own merits. This being so, it requires no prophetic vision to determine its future; and if it keeps on gaining friends in the future as it has in the past, it will soon

take an honorable stand alongside of the most popular and influential journals of the day, who now, by their *severe* silence, one would suppose were totally oblivious to its existence.

We find no fault with this state of things, and would not refer to it, only to show that our little enterpriso, gotten up under most exceptional circumstances, has gained a sure hold upon the affections of the reading, thinking public. This is a very encouraging outlook, and as before hinted, we feel confident that, with a little extra exertion on the part of its patrons, in proper time it will take a merited position among the most favored annunciators of the Spiritual Philosophy. So cheer up, friends, and give us all the aid you conveniently can to assist us in getting up a paper that will not only become an ornament to the cause it promulgates, but one of the brightest twinkling stars that glitter in the constellation of Spiritual literature.

We desire every one interested in its success to forward to this office all well-authenticated Spirit-messages from our side of life, for publication. We do this so that we can present a variety of Spiritual matter at each issue, thus avoiding a sameness or monotony, which if ever so good, becomes sort of stereotyped reading after a while, which is quite objectionable with many.

We stated in the first issue of this paper that, after the receipts were sufficient to meet the current expenses, the subscription price would be reduced just in proportion to the increase of the mail list. This we shall endeavor to carry into effect until the *minimum* is reached; the object being to keep the price as low as possible, that those in moderate circumstances can avail themselves of its teachings.

We have had it in contemplation for some time, if our mail list warranted it, to enlarge it to 16 pages on the 1st proximo, at the same price it has been the present year; but in overhauling the mail list, we found many who had paid nothing since their first subscription of 25 or 50 cents, nearly three years ago. We find no fault with those unable to pay, for they are the very ones most needing it; and nothing would enhance our happiness more, than to put their names on the free list, which we always do when we feel that so doing is right.

But with those abundantly able to pay, it is inexcusable; more especially is this so with a few who paid a trifle at the beginning, and after reading it, sell the

paper to others, collect and keep the subscription money, and then cry poverty, to get rid of paying for it. There are but a few of this sort, and unless they pay up before the end of this month, they will be exposed, and their names stricken from our rolls.

Then, again, there are many honorable, well-meaning people, who are amply able to contribute to its support, and intend doing so, but through carelessness, or want of consideration for the needs of those struggling with impaired health to cater to the wants and needs of their Spiritual stomachs, put off the day of settlement to an indefinite period; and although they intend to square their accounts some time, at last forget "to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and to the printer and publisher the things belonging to them; in other words, they forget that others must have something to satiate a hungry stomach, who have bills to meet, whether they have the means to liquidate them or not.

As before stated, if the two classes referred to would pay up their arrears, we could enlarge the *VOICE* at once, without interfering with or compromising its present healthy condition. But as it is, we are obliged to defer making the change until we ascertain to a certainty whether we shall be sustained or not. If such assurance comes before the 25th inst., the enlargement will be made at that date. In the interim we hope our delinquent brothers and sisters will consider the wants of our hard-working amanuensis and co-worker, and govern themselves accordingly.

We are fully cognizant of the fact, that as a general rule, a newspaper subscription bill and a doctor's bill are the *very last ones* people ever think of paying, until they are compelled to. But it is not so in our case; for, with the exceptions referred to, all have paid promptly, many renewing long before it was due—cheering us on to renewed exertions with kind words and sympathy, and the assurances of their support in supplanting the darkness of the past with the light of the Summer-Land.

Before closing, we wish to say, that if there are any who would like to take the paper, but are unable to pay a year in advance, they can pay a little at a time; and if unable to pay anything, if worthy, they can have it free, and we will settle the bill when they come to our side of life.

When the enlargement is made, we shall then have a paper equal in size to the largest Spiritual journals; and as there is noth-

ing but solid, original reading matter in its pages—the price remaining the same as at present—it will be the cheapest Spiritual journal in the world. Besides, there will not only be more space for messages, but for many valuable contributions from inquiring minds on the mundane plane, all eliciting the same general thought it teaches; which would be favorably considered, but cannot now be, for want of space.

To sum it up in a nut-shell, the intention is to make the *VOICE OF ANGELS* a *first-class, high-toned family paper*. This can only be accomplished through the co-operation and assistance of its patrons and friends.

Thanking you for thousands of cheering words in the past, and abundant sympathy in the present, and as we see the dying whispers of the old worn-out year are growing fainter and more feeble at every pulsation of his monster dying body, and ere he draws his last feeble breath, we bid you and him adieu, promising to meet and shake hands with you on the other side of the stiffened corse of 1878.

NOTE BY PUBLISHER.

FROM the above article, it will readily be seen that another enlargement was contemplated on the 1st proximo, by the projectors and managers of the destiny of the *VOICE*. It will also be seen that the mail list fully warranted the enlargement, if all had been equally prompt in paying up their dues. But as they have not, it was impossible to do so without compromising its present healthy condition. This being the case, and as we have no pecuniary aid from advertisements or otherwise to carry the work on, and meet current expenses as they accrue, and as there is always friction to overcome, and now and then stoppages to exhaust its vitality, it becomes absolutely necessary for every one to pay up whatever may be due, and renew for another year, if they feel justified in doing so. Now, it is my desire that, as there are many on the mail list who subscribed for three or six months, when the paper was first started, and have been receiving it now for almost three years, and paid nothing since, that they should pay up all arrearages, if able to do so; and if they don't want it longer, to say so; and if they do want it, and are unable to pay for it, to tell me that, also; so that, if worthy, I can put them on the free list. This they certainly can do, if unable to assist pecuniarily. Hoping they will do the best they can to assist the Angel-World in its efforts to light up the dark places of earth with the calcium light of truth, I leave the subject for their conscientious reflection.

D. C. DEKSMORE,

Pub. Voice of Angels.

THERE is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.—*Emerson.*

MIND AND MATTER.

WE have just received the first number of a new paper, with the above caption, devoted to eliminating the laws and principles underlying the philosophy of life; and as the two significant words, Mind and Matter, comprehend and take in all and everything there is in all the sciences, we entertain sanguine hopes that, in the hands of its erudite and talented editor and publisher, J. M. Roberts, Esq., great truths now lying dormant in the matrix of undeveloped thought may be brought to the surface, through his clear head and facile pen, to bless mankind with its life-giving sustenance. Long may it wave, flying at its mast-head the "banner of truth against the world," on which is inscribed, in letters of gold, "Peace on earth, good will to man."

We have the pleasure of saying that we are personally acquainted with Mr. Roberts, and a truer, more self-sacrificing, unselfish man, in eliminating truths long buried in the musty, and now almost effete churchal creeds and dogmas of past ages, never lived on this planet. So, come forward, friends—as I know you will—and hold up his hands by liberally subscribing to his new and practical enterprise.

The paper is printed with large, clear type, on fine paper. It is issued weekly, at 713 Sansom street, Philadelphia, Pa. at two dollars per annum, in advance. For terms of subscription, rates of advertising, and club rates, see last page.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

SCHOOL-ROOM

ISAAC TOQUELIN.

GOOD EVENING, my dear father. Again it is my privilege to hold sweet converse with you. Oh, what an inestimable boon it is, and how thankful I feel for the blessed privilege, no words of mine can tell! Only think of it, my dear father; think how many million of little Tunies there are, scattered all over the Spirit-Land, seeking and almost dying to send one little word of comfort and cheer to their dear, heart-broken, mourning parents, sisters and brothers, who are deprived of the privilege for want of opportunity! I say when I think of this, dear father, how can I feel other than thankful?

Now, before I spend more of your precious time, allow me to introduce a man bound up in old creeds and doctrines, who we are anxious should be set right on the subject of human depravity. I say *we*, because in our band a lovely daughter of his holds an honorable position.

Your loving TUNIE.

[After writing the above very rapidly, she led into the room a man of some fifty or sixty years, about five feet ten inches high, slim built, who had a high, broad forehead, with firmness highly depicted

in all his features. She introduced him as Isaac Toquelin, from some one of the West India Islands, (I forget which one.) He commenced by saying, "I came here, sir, in response to a dear child, who is carried away with the foolish notion that as God is all wisdom and love, he could not make a depraved soul; as it (the soul) was part of himself; for if the soul is depraved, the source from whence it emanated must also be depraved. How silly! when the Bible expressly says, 'I create good and I create evil.' Not only that, but she and others are trying to make me believe that God, the Infinite, the Almighty, could not go counter to organic law, any more than a human being can; and then again, she is trying to make herself believe that the resurrection of the human body at the last great day, when Gabriel speaks in thunder-tones through his trumpet to a sinful world, that time shall be no more, is a myth. I tried to reason with her; but it's no use to spend one's time arguing with a person filled to the brim with preconceived notions; so I left her alone. Why, sir, she said, 'You know, father, that science says—and proves it, too—that the physical body changes often, and at the end of a year not a particle of the body which existed at the beginning of the year remains.' Of course, I could not dispute this. But, I answer, What has science to do with God's word? I tried to convince her, by quoting Scripture; but it was useless, for she says, 'As you admit that each human being has several new bodies in the course of life, now I would like to have you tell me which one is resurrected with the Spirit. Is it the first baby body, or the last worn-out, sickly body, or some of the intervening ones—which? Or were all the bodies raised that the Spirit ever lived in, to go with it through the rest of eternity?' I suppose everybody has a right to their opinion, and a right to express it, as best they can; that is, when they don't interfere with the rights of others. But there are things too sacred to be made the theme of light conversation, and when thus indulged in it amounts to blasphemy; and the way these folks—if some of them are 'bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh'—are talking about sacred things, they are laying themselves open to the broadest criticism. Now, don't they?"—appealing to the writer. He was told that in order to get a clear understanding of the subject, he must use his reason, and not depend upon the "say-so's" of any. To this he said, "Then you must throw away the word of God, and if you do, where would you be? On the surging

waves of unknown seas, tossed hither and thither by every wind that blows, without chart or compass to tell whither you are drifting. Oh, no, my dear earthly friend, you are mistaken; for I see you have drifted into the same errors that my folks have; and I tell you now, if you don't change your course, you will sadly repent not doing so; and no further talk would be like casting pearls before swine, I bid you good-bye."

Y. S.

"How are the mighty fallen!" This was an exclamation always coming out of my lips, whenever I heard of any one belonging to the better class of society going astray, never dreaming that it would ever apply to me. But it has a more marked significance in relation to myself than to any one I ever knew. My family was looked upon with a good deal of deference, and I—the eldest—a prince in good works. But how mistaken were my admirers! For in reality, as I have found out since, I was the lowest of the low, resorting to the most despicable and underhanded means, under the cloak of religion, to cater to a perverted and sensual appetite—the very memory of which makes my heart sick, even at this late day.

I never knew till I came here what a low, mean, contemptible wretch I was. I never dreamed that I would be taunted with entertaining bad thoughts that had never been expressed, until I saw memory pointing it out on her awful scroll. I saw the thought; I remembered it, and as I had not carried it into effect, I thought that was the end of it; but upon following the bony finger of the recording angel, I found that whatever I intended to do and failed to accomplish, it was no good in me, because my intent and motive was a purely selfish one; hence, the penalty was just the same as though I did it. I found on that fearful scroll that what I had done apparently with a virtuous intent was only to deceive the lookers-on, that I might carry out my hellish purposes more easily. At last, after indulging in all sorts of vice, I found myself in the World of Causes; and although I did not expect to get a very exalted seat, yet I had no idea of getting into such a filthy set as I found on landing here. Yet it is just where such as I rightfully belong. It is the highest heaven I could get to, bad and loathsome as it was.

I've often heard it said, in fact, have said it myself, that when death took place, I wanted to get into the highest place, little thinking that I should miss it so ter-

ribly; simply because I thought I could not get anywhere else, if I tried ever so hard, as I belonged to the church.

I'd like to see what kind of a heaven it would be for one of my stripe, if by any possibility he could get into some of the higher spheres.

But enough. You ask for my name. I don't want to be rude, but I'll tell you, friend, if you don't find it out till I tell it, you'll never know. The fact is, I'm ashamed of it. Maybe I'll get better off, some of these days. When I do, I'll let you know.

Before I leave, I want to say to that old bell-hound of a deacon, L——n, if he don't let up in his intentions with that innocent child, he'll catch — when he meets her brother here; for he is watching the old cuss. He's now over seventy years old! Oh, won't he find himself in a nice place when he comes here, as he will soon! I'll not mention his name, either; although, as bad as I have been, I'm a thousand times better off than he is.

You may call me Y. S.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
Nov. 24, 1878,
THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

OH, thou whom we worship as God over all, blessed forever more, may the lesson we have read and the songs we have sung be deeply impressed on every Spirit. May we remember that the "Lord is our Shepherd, and we shall not want." May we remember that it is our privilege to look to thee, to trust in thee for all time.

We thank thee for the words of wisdom and cheer, for their prophecy of the future; for it points to the coming day, when truth and right shall prevail, and mankind shall blend in harmony together.

We thank thee for the unity of spirit that pervades this assembly; for it points to the coming time, when Spirits in and out of the body will offer this doxology of the spheres, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men."

To this end bless every instrumentality for good; bless the home circles wherever they may be. May their numbers increase, until all sad and sorrowing hearts are made glad by the tidings that their loved are not dead, nor even sleeping; but that they wait for them upon a brighter shore.

Bless, oh, bless, thou God of infinite wisdom, the instrumentality of the press in disseminating the truth. May its in-

fluence be spread far and wide, until all sadness is washed away, and the song sung by the angels takes possession of humanity.

MARY WHEELER.

I WANT to find my mother. I have been gone five years, and I want to see her. I went away from Jersey City. I am twelve years old, now. Can't I find my mother? [Yes, you will find her now. We are going to write a letter for you to your mother.]

I don't know where she is. I can't get to her. But she is living, and I want to find her. [Some of the Spirits here will take you to her now. We will put your name in the paper, and some one who knows your mother may see it and send it to her.]

Oh, I wish they would. Say I send lots of love, and so does grandpa and auntie. My name is Mary Wheeler; and that's mamma's name, too.

THOMAS SANBORN.

I WOULD like, sir, if you have no objection, to send a message to my wife. [You are welcome.]

I am not much acquainted with the law of return, and it troubles me a little. I was killed by lightning. A friend and myself were together on an island in the harbor, and a storm overtook us. We were both killed.

I rebelled against it somewhat at first, after I found out where I was. My affairs were unsettled and my family not provided for as I could wish, and I was for a time uneasy. But now I want to tell my dear wife I am contented and happy. I have seen how nobly you have toiled for the sake of our darlings. Often in the old days have I been with you while your busy pen flew rapidly over the paper, until far into the night and sometimes early in the morning; and oh, how I longed to give you knowledge of my presence and love, and of my sorrow to see you thus taxing your health and strength.

I am glad the "Star Salt Co." went ahead so well. I was satisfied when it was all settled, feeling then that your work would at least be modified.

Dear, darling Josie, my love ever goes out to you, even more intensified and strengthened by a Spirit's life, and I bring you a blessing from the angels that shall fill your soul with peace and rest. I shall always watch and guard you and our darlings. Whatever step you think best to take I shall be satisfied. My love and my blessing, my help and strength will always attend you. Give my love, blessings, and the tender caresses you know

I would bestow to our dear ones. I bless and breathe filial affection over the Spirit of our dear mother.

My sister is with me. She is a happy angel in heaven, where the bridal wreath is exchanged for a garland of immortal blossoms, fashioned from the amaranth and forget-me-not. She sorrowed for a time because of the sadness of friends on earth, but is at rest now. She too sends love.

Dr. Babcock is busy in his profession, assisting weary, tortured souls to gain Spiritual health and strength.

I thank you, sir. I have been gone over four years. My name is Sanborn—Thomas. Will you please address my letter to Mrs. Josie A. Sanborn, Medford, Mass?

[Mr. Editor, please see that this message is sent to the above address.]

HATTIE BORDEN.

I CAME all the way from South Carolina. I do not feel very well. I reckon it is because of my last illness. I belong in Charleston. My people do not believe this, but my cousin reads your paper and her little girl induced me to come. I would like to talk with someone I know, so much. I hope they will let me come to them. My name is Hattie Borden.

JOSEPH MILLER.

[This Spirit personated through the Medium very strongly, throwing her over in a reclining position. He was able to say but a few words, but gave his communication to the guide of the circle.]

My name, first, then, is Joseph Miller. I belonged in London, but passed out from Boston a short time ago. I expected to come readily, as I was a Spiritualist and acquainted with this thing; but the shock struck me again, just as it did the last time. I expected to get it some time, but thought it wouldn't come so soon, and it found me unprepared.

I was not so very old—a good way this side of sixty; but I'm satisfied, now. I have found my old friends and family. And my little Jennie is taken care of. She'll be brought up more strict than I care about, but she will receive good attention. Her grandmother is just, if she is rigid. As for my son, he will take care of himself, as he has done.

Now, I want to put my message in the VOICE OF ANGELS, so those who knew me will see it. A good many thought me an old fool, and some said I was crazy; but I am not at all anxious to change places with them.

I am well off, and I am no more sure of

the truth of my Spirit-existence now than I was before the change. I am staunch to the back-bone. I want to send regards to all my old friends. I go to the Lyceum every Sunday. I visit my old haunts. I'm more active than ever. I do not regret that I let the money slide. I am just as well off over it. I presume it has helped a good many, more or less. I intend to put my inventive powers to use, and see what I can construct over here.

You may call me Joseph Miller, the silversmith and nickel plater. Bowman's little girl brought me along.

L. JUDD PARDEE.

Good evening, my friends. [Good evening, sir.] I am very glad to be one of you again. You have a very harmonious, peaceful gathering of Spirits to-night. I am here to put in an appearance once again through our columns.

First, then, I wish to waft my fraternal greeting and kind, happy remembrances to all my old friends, sympathizers and co-workers, and especially to my sometimes hosts and companions, Dr. D. A. Davis and lady, of Chicago. I bless you, friends; and occasionally, when my duties will permit, I take my accustomed place at your hearth, and bring to your souls a realization of Spirit-presence and Spirit-love.

I wish to say a few words to my people, as I call the readers of our VOICE. To those who are abundantly blessed with this world's goods, and who desire to commemorate the approaching holidays with a donation of some kind for the good of humanity, I would call their attention to the fact that a most noteworthy institution, namely, Belvidere Seminary, Belvidere, Warren Co., N. J., is in great need of a printing press for the use and instruction of its pupils. The directors or managers of this institution—old friends of my own, to whom I waft my blessing—deem it important that a press should be added to the school; for it will not only offer facilities for instruction in the art of journalism, but will ultimately afford employment to a number of poor scholars. Lack of funds is the drawback, and I hope those able to do so will forward to Miss Belle Bush or Miss Hattie Bush their donations of money.

I wish also to inform those who have received Spirit-messages from their loved ones through the VOICE, and are anxious to receive one, two or three more of the same sort, they must remember that our facilities for affording opportunities are small, compared to the great number of

Spirits anxious to return and communicate with their loved ones and satisfy their longing hearts. And as we desire to give all we can a chance to come, you must not repine if we do not respond to all your demands for "more letters."

And to our contributors—please make your articles for publication as brief as justice to the subject matter will permit. The art of condensation is one that it is necessary for all public writers to possess, and a jewel of worth to the printer and editor.

Thanking you for all past favors, and hoping, with the assistance of friends in mortal and co-workers in Spirit, to go forward with the work, I remain fraternally yours,
L. JUDD PARDEE.

MESSAGES GIVEN DEC. 1, 1878.

MARY TO BENJAMIN FRANKLIN R.

[THE Spirit seemed oppressed about the lungs.]

I want to send a word to one dear to me. I want to say we come often, bringing you our love. We strive to enter your consciousness and impress you with a sense of our presence. We come beside you to lead you in the right path and to bless you and yours.

I have often tried to give you a word, but do not succeed in manifesting as I wish. Do you know how true my Spirit-love is for you, how deep the tenderness of my soul that would keep you ever happy and pure? I have been with you in the counting-room, anxious to make you aware of my presence. I am glad you are doing so well in many things, I entered the mill the other day, but the conditions there are not favorable to Spirit-influence.

Others would like to come, and they all send regards and tokens of affection. I impressed you to do as you did recently. I am happy now, and do not wish to return to earth to remain.

Please say it is Mary, to Benjamin Franklin R., of Fall River.

CHARLES ALLEN.

GOOD evening. I have been once before through another Medium, but as my wife is so lonely and ill, Mr. Pardee kindly says I may manifest again.

Dear wife! Darling Clara! I know all your pains and afflictions, and while I sympathize with, and would assist you, I rejoice that your Spirit still remains so cheerful, bright, and unclouded. Take heart. I and our dear friends will do all in our power to assist you. We will raise up friends for you, as we have done.

We will guide you on until we can meet you on the Spirit-side. I often deplore your condition, and feel that if I were only with you in mortal, with health and strength at my command, you should not want; but the good Father knoweth best, and has all in his keeping. He kindly permits his Spirits to watch over you, and to bring you love and peace from their home above.

I waft my greetings to Brother Densmore, and bless him for engaging in this noble work. I knew him many long years ago. How little did I then know what his destiny was to be. He likely thinks me such a slow coach as not to be around; but I'm wide awake, and take cognizance of what many of my old friends are doing. I have been down in Maine recently, but do not like to go, now. The place seems deserted and not at all like home. I hope some time to have things so I can come to my wife often. I think it will do her more good than medicine.

I believe it's nigh about fifteen years since I went out. I am all right now, both physically and mentally. You may call me Charles Allen, and address this to Clara V. Allen, Readville, Mass. Thank you.

BENNIE MCALLISTER.

I HAVE heard you have opened a place for Spirits to deposit their letters to friends, and I come with mine. I want to send word to Charlie that I'm well and comfortable, and looking around a good deal. I don't see much change in him, although it is possible he may make a change before a great while, and I hope he will, if he takes a notion. I don't go soldiering now. I've outgrown that. War is unknown where I am, for the spirit of peace holds sway.

I like to come occasionally to visit home and friends, and to feel I'm not forgotten. Father sends his love, too. He is right smart. We are often with mother, though she is not as strong as we would like. Both of us bring true, honest love, and a desire to help and to guide you in the right. Father says that Charlotte will soon feel the Spirit-love bathing her soul in waves of peace and rest.

Now, Charlie, I'm going to ask you as a favor to subscribe for this little paper. It will enable you to understand more of our life, and give you more of an insight into Spiritual things than you can get down among your musty old books. Mother will like it, I know.

I am Bennie McAllister. I think it is Cooper street my folks live—41. Will you please have my letter directed to

Charles H. McAllister, 41 Cooper street, Boston, Mass, and oblige?

EVA MAY CLARK.

I HAVE come once, but I can come again, because it's for the good of the paper, and what is for the good of the paper, is for the good of humanity, too.

First, I want to tell papa that all the Spirits send their love to him. They are wide awake, and know what is going on, and they want him to be as active in Spiritual matters as he can. I was with him Thanksgiving. I saw him laugh. He likes a good story. I saw a box the other day that went there. It did some good.

Now, papa, you know I always think heaps of Christmas, and I want you to give me and Gussie a present. I want you to take three whole dollars and send it to the man that has the paper—D. C. Densmore, Fair View House, North Weymouth, Mass.—and tell him that one dollar and sixty-five cents is for him to send you the paper to your store for a year. That's what Gussie wants for her present; and the rest of the money to credit to the Tunic fund, for me. The Tunic fund, papa, is for sending the paper to poor folks who can't pay for it.

Uncle Meck says he has looked after your material interests sharp, and uncle Columbus Gates has kept you in pretty good health, and they hope you will be sure and do what I want you to, and you will get more than the money's worth before the year is ended. I have joined the band belonging to the paper, and we are going to try to do all we can to offer greater facilities for its advancement during the next year.

Now, papa, you always thought me smart, but don't you think I'm smarter than ever? Gussie sends her best love. Grandma and grandpa send theirs. So do Lottie, Lydia, and Emeline. Captain Dunning sends his regards to you and uncle Merrick. Tell uncle Merrick to wake up. Eunice says, "Tell Curtis I know all the changes taking place; and give him my love." Gussie wants you to visit, soon, Miss Remick, a Medium on Clarendon street, Boston, and see what comes.

I bring you my love.

YOUR LITTLE EVA MAY.

[Please send to Mr. Curtis Clark, 53 Church street, Boston.]

[As the controlling guide of this circle, we call upon those mortals who receive and recognize messages from their Spirit-friends, through any Medium connected with the VOICE OF ANGELS, when said messages are published in that paper, to

forward verifications of these Spirit-messages to the publisher. We ask this as a matter of simple justice, not only to the Mediums, nor to the Spirits, who like to feel that their words of love are recognized and appreciated, but to the publisher of this paper, who, knowing nothing of the reliability of the Spirits purporting to come, relies solely upon his faith in the integrity of the Spirit-band controlling the destiny of the VOICE OF ANGELS. There are many who shrink from having their names appear in connection with Spiritualism, and although their loved ones come to give them light, yet refuse to publicly acknowledge their presence. To these we have nothing to say. But to those believers who receive what they know to be true, we say, Acknowledge this truth, and cheer our mundane editor with encouragement to press forward in his good work.—SPIRIT J. S.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE DYING YEAR.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER.

A SACRED stillness hovers in the air,
As if to soothe the passing of the year;
The hours are swiftly flying one by one,
And soon another cycle will appear;
And yet, amid the stillness and the calm,
No dim, uncertain sound is heard,
But sweetly, by the chime of happy bells,
The peaceful atmosphere is deeply stirred.

But still another sound is in the air,
Unheard by all the busy, bustling throng—
For Spirit-voices echo everywhere,
Repeating still their happy, peaceful song.
The year is going to its needed rest,
With all its cares, its turmoil and its strife—
With all its joys and pleasures, hopes and fears,
And all its promise of a better life.

A sound is in the air that all may hear,
Of bitter wrongs that yet shall be redressed,
Of prophecies, that to our hearts reveal
A glad obedience to the son's behest.
The Voice of Justice that shall yet hold sway,
And chase Oppression's rod to disappear,
While voices breathe of Wisdom on her way
To banish doubt, and ignorance and fear.

A sound is in the air of perfect peace,
That yet shall reign triumphant o'er the world,
When clashing warfare shall forever cease,
And Love's pure banner be with joy unfurled.
A sound of harmony is all abroad,
That yet shall ring with gladness o'er the earth,
When man shall walk in spirit with his God,
And nobly strive to gain the heavenly birth.

And so, although the year is nearly gone,
We will not mourn his flight, nor bid him stay,
But with a blessing we will speed him on,
And turn with joy to greet another day;
For sounds of prophecy are in the air,
Of that glad, coming future yet to be,
When Love shall dwell with kindness everywhere,
And sin and suffering and wrong shall flee.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE

VINELAND, NOV. 17, 1878.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE,—In the VOICE of Nov. 1 is a communication from Dr. Peter Renton. Every word is correct. He was my physician in Concord, N. H., and a very able one. I was intimately acquainted in the family, after they moved to Boston; I have had many

communications from Mrs. Renton and her daughter Christie. Let me thank the Dr. for this valuable letter from him, and hope it will not be the last one.

Your friend,

HARRIET ADAMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

WORDS OF CHEER.

SANTA BARBARA, Cal.

FROM this nook by the western sea, I send you sorrow and gladness. I regret your illness. How can we give you time to be sick? Hope you are on your feet again, strong and glad, as you were when a sailor-boy. And I rejoice in the good words that come to us in the VOICE OF ANGELS.

How grandly that old apostle of the angels, Thomas R. Hazard, stands at his post! The winds of ridicule do not shake him, nor do the tempests of unjust criticism. His voice, his "family reunion," has been as manna in the wilderness to famishing souls. I have kept it going from the first, and know that it has given hope, strength, life, to fainting, fearful hearts.

The experience of Prince is splendid. We have followed him all the way, and blessed him at every step, for lighting our way.

May the dear ones keep you ever in charge.

H. F. M. BROWN.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

POSEYVILLE, Ind., Nov. 24, 1878.

FRIEND D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir,*—In the VOICE OF ANGELS of Nov. 15th, was a communication from my brother, John M. Marsh. I am happy to say it is true in every respect; and I therefore write this to you, to let you know that I recognize the above Spirit, and hope he may come again.

Go on with the good work.

Respectfully, yours,

JONATHAN MARSH.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

THE ANGEL'S MISSION.

BY OWHEETA.

I am waldog by the river, I am sitting by the shore,
Waiting for my darlings, as I did in days of yore;
Waiting for the footstep that fell so soft and low,
Which to me were always music, in the days of long ago.

I am sitting by the river that runs my life away,
And as I sit and listen, some one seems to say,
"The river's course is onward, and rapid in its flow
Towards the life that knows no end, with those of long ago."

"Beyond the silent river our homes are bright and fair,
But not complete till all we love shall take their places there:
Then onward in thy mission, to duty ne'er be slow,
That we may meet, in bliss complete, as in days of long ago."

"Across the silent river the angels come and go,
To heal the hearts that sorely bleed, which earth has broken
so;

To ease the heavy burden, that all must bear below,
And fill the soul with hope to meet the friends of long ago."

Blest mission of the angels, who dearly love us so,
May we a lesson learn from them, while here we dwell
below—

To lighten every burden, wipe tears where'er they flow,
That we may meet and joyful greet the friends of long ago.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

"WEST INGLE'S" DEPARTMENT.

JULIA BOUGHTON CURTIS, TO HER HUSBAND,
MARSHALL CURTIS,

OF OAKLAND, ALAMEDA CO., CALIFORNIA.

Oh, Marshall, my beloved husband! Can it be possible that I have found the doors open through which I may reach you and communicate with you? I have tried to do so often, but have failed. I have visited the Circles at the *Banner of Light* office, thinking I might find a chance to send you a loving word, to assure you of my continued existence and never-dying love.

You know how short and happy our married life was, and how sad it ended. I did not want death to divide us. Life with you was like the spring-time, so full of promise. How often I watched your coming home from a short absence, thinking what life would be if you were gone from my sight! I used to pray to die first, that I might not be left without you. My prayer was answered. I entered the Summer-Land in little over four years after our happy bridal day. You have never forgotten me, my dearest husband. Another may have filled my place in your home. No one could claim the sacred altar, where you once enshrined your faithful, loving Julia. And there are others who claim a portion of your heart—the dear, sinless little ones, who bud on earth to blossom in eternity.

Oh, how grand and beautiful is this life of the soul! How wonderfully blessed are we here!

I followed you, my dear husband, when you left the old home and the friends of your boyhood, all whom you loved and trusted, to go away among strangers. I aided you in all your struggles for success. Many times I have stood by your side, shielding you from danger, when foes threatened your life. I was compelled to be silent; I could not speak. Intuition has taught you this fact. Some power greater than human has been over you; for all these years since we parted I have been your guide, my dear, dear husband. Many other loved friends have joined their forces with mine, uniting their love and sympathy with that so joyfully bestowed by me; and they are forming around you in a powerful band; and from this hour prosperity will shine above your head.

You have not lived up to your best. You possess intellectual faculties superior to most men, and the gifts of God should be kept in active play, if you would fulfill the great end for which you were cre-

ated. My death seemed to throw you back upon yourself; you grew restless, and desired change of conditions. And, my dear husband, many of the changes through which you have passed have had a tendency to make your soul hard and bitter. Look upon humanity's brightest side, and forgive all personal wrongs. For you there are many happy and profitable years. You and yours will occupy noble places in life.

Tell our dear ones—yours and mine—that this life is a rich reward for all suffering. Losses and crosses suffered on the earth are all forgotten here.

The members of your family here in Spirit-Life join with those of my own in wishing you a prosperous and happy life. The dear little ones cluster round you, and their loving ministrations will keep your life pure. You have power to impart comfort and Spiritual knowledge to your fellow-men. Hearts are heavy all around you. You have been among the dead and dying.

Your grandfather Curtis and those still nearer you in relationship desire to communicate with you. I mention your grandfather, because he has power to impart strength and prosperity in a business sense. Your other friends are waiting to speak with you.

You will stand by my grave again, and when you do so, if possible I will be with you, and tell you all I can of this mysterious world. All revelation comes from the Highest Power.

I want to communicate with you often, through the VOICE OF ANGELS. I can speak my mind freely. I am waiting for you, my dear husband—waiting till your life-span is measured. I will be first to welcome you in the New Life. Do not be led in the paths others follow. Investigate all things, prove all things; and you will be in your right place.

All revelations of truth are Spiritual and sublime. Truth is the foundation of all moral teaching. And you will, my dearest husband, be one of the few who love and cherish truth.

I would like to speak to you privately. Shall I send you a message, my beloved husband? Your soul and mine can never misunderstand each other. No perplexities of the earth-life can come between us. God and the angels are with you; and I, your wife Julia, stand ready to comfort and cheer you; and I will meet you when life's shadows lengthen at the grave, when your noble spirit is freed.

Affectionately, your wife,

JULIA CURTIS.

THROUGH ALFRED JAMES, PHILA,
[While entranced, written down as delivered
by J. M. R.]

EDGAR. A. FOR.

GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR,—I have come not so much to give a communication as to make a declaration. I was a man who was much respected at one time. I was a man whose high talents would have enabled me to carve my name high in the niche of fame; but I had one failing. Was it hereditary or was it the work of Spirit-power? I declare that my ruin was wrought by Spirit-control, and was not the result of hereditary tendencies. "Then," says some one, "you have no individuality." I answer this, and say, you have no individuality when you open the door to undeveloped Spirits and allow them to get a hold upon you. You might as well try to shake the Colossus of Rhodes as to rid yourself of the Spirits who obsess you. At all times, the Spirit who controlled me, for I have found out who it was, forced me to drink. Being debauched and low itself, this Spirit dragged me down from the noble, bright-eyed man of genius to (I might say) the contemptible sot. I have nothing more to say. I merely give this as a warning to those who yield to that class of spirits.

Mark me as E. A. Poe.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

FROM MRS. HATTIE BENTON, TO REV. A.
BENTON, BROWNSTOWN, IND.

GOOD MORNING, friends. I wish to give a message here today. Oh, how deftly was the door opened! Oh, how calmly was it closed after I had entered into life—that life which has no fading! With beauty, truth and honesty do the inhabitants of the Spirit-Land commune with the dwellers of earth. This land is a land of realities; here birds do sing, waters do flow, and impart freshness and life to all things. The one who I mourned for while in earth-life I have found. My heart is thankful; for I have met George, and he who had suffered in body and mind is now enjoying blessings from the hand of the Omnipotent Creator.

I would say to Albert. Be firm and steadfast in your belief. Your mother, Elizabeth, is often with you. She is your Guardian Spirit. She sends much love to you, and says that she sympathizes with you in your present troubles. And, dear husband, after the change, all the mysteries that were connected with death pass away, and you see yourself in your true light. When the better Spiritual senses get the ascendancy, then comes the tho't, What work can I do that will benefit oth-

ers? And thus I come forward to perform the work which I am trying to accomplish tonight, though a stranger—not as a test, but as something to cheer the hearts, and carry away the doubts and fears that may rest in the minds of those I have left behind me.

'Tis hard to part from those we love, even though we have the full assurance of meeting them, knowing them and loving them in the world beyond. Still, if my will had been done, I would have stayed on earth and been a loving companion for my husband; but the decree went forth, and death entered our house, and made the heart of the one I loved, and who loved me, sad and mournful.

Do not look forward, oh, husband, but look backward to the happy days we spent together; then think, if you can, of me as being a watchful angel over all your acts, trying to teach you and help you teach the people the way of God and God's people.

I shall ask no questions. I don't expect any response. My knowledge is extensive as regards the intercourse which the one world holds with the other. Consequently, I do not come as a novice.

Thanking you all for letting me come, and for your kind attention, I withdraw.

Send message to Albert Benton, Brownstown, Ind.

"TUNIE" FUND.

We have been requested by the Band controlling the destiny of this paper to call upon those of our patrons who are able, to contribute to a fund for sending the VOICE OF ANGELS free to those unable to pay for it. To any and all our patrons who can send any amount, if ever so small, for the above purpose, we will credit the amount they may send, in the next issue of the paper.

Since our last, we have received the following donations to the "Tunie" Fund:

A friend, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	\$2.00
Mr. Russell Beeding, Meb.,	.60
Mrs. Kellb. Worcester, Mass.,	.35
Mrs. Alexander Lisk, Peoria, Ill.,	.50

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